

## WASHINGTON LOSES FIRST GAME TODAY

Nationals Are Beaten by  
Boston Red Sox by  
Score of 2 to 1.

(Continued from First Page.)

field; Elberfeld, third base; Gessler, right field; Unglaub, first base; McBride, shortstop; Street, catcher; Oberlin, pitcher.

Washington-McConnell, second base; Lord, third base; Speaker, center field; Stahl, first base; Wagner, shortstop; Niles, right field; Hooper, left field; Carrigan, catcher; Cloutie, pitcher.

Umpires—Dineen and Connolly.

### Two Nationals Left.

FIRST INNING—Washington: Milan walked; likewise Schaefer. Lelivett popped to Wagner after failing at a sacrifice. Elberfeld fouled to Stahl. Big hand for Doc Gessler, who did via Cloutie to Stahl. Two left, very sad.

NO RUNS.

Boston: McConnell walked without a strike. Lord sacrificed, Oberlin to Unglaub. Speaker singled to left four line, scoring McConnell. Stahl out, McBride to Unglaub. A wild pitch put Speaker out. Wagner, Street, made another sensational foul catch, this time off Niles and close to Washington bench. One run, one left.

SECOND INNING—Washington: Unglaub thrown out by Lord. McBride out on pretty throw by Wagner to Stahl. Street was easy for Cloutie and Stahl. NO RUNS.

Boston: Niles thrown out by McBride. Hooper singled, but Cloutie, who was slowed up by the heavy going. Carrigan skied to Gessler. Cloutie's weak drive fell dead in the mud for a single between home and third. McConnell filed to Milan. NO RUNS, two left.

THIRD INNING—Washington: Oberlin fanned. Milan singled to center and took second on Schaefer's single to the same spot. Lelivett died, Wagner to Stahl. A real wild pitch scored Milan and put Schaefer on third. Elberfeld out, Lord to Stahl. One run, one left.

Boston: Lord stepped away up to the first ball pitched and hit left for three bases. Street made a great catch off the stand on Speaker's foul. Stahl singled to left, scoring Lord. Wagner fanned. Street made another sensational foul catch, this time off Niles and close to Washington bench. One run, one left.

FOURTH INNING—Washington: Gessler fanned. Unglaub fanned. Speaker called out on strikes. No runs, none left.

Boston: Hooper thrown out by Schaefer. Carrigan died, Elberfeld to Unglaub. Cloutie was easy for Schaefer and Unglaub. No runs, none left.

FIFTH INNING—Washington: Street out; Lord to Stahl. Oberlin grounded out to Stahl. Milan died to Niles. No runs, none left.

Boston: McConnell out, Schaefer to Unglaub. Lord popped to Elberfeld. Speaker fanned to Milan. No runs, none left.

SIXTH INNING—Washington: Schaefer called out on strikes. Lelivett easy for McConnell and Stahl. Elberfeld fanned to Hooper. No runs, none left.

Boston: Stahl bunted and Unglaub muffed Street's throw, when Stahl ran into him. Hard luck error for Unglaub. Wagner hit into a double play: McBride to Schaefer to Unglaub. McBride threw out Niles. No runs, none left.

SEVENTH INNING—Washington: Gessler fanned, and was thrown out. Carrigan to Stahl. Unglaub popped to McConnell. McBride fanned. No runs, none left.

Boston: Out goes Hooper, Schaefer to Unglaub. McBride threw out Carrigan, Elberfeld, Cloutie's grounder to Elberfeld who threw him out at first. No runs, none left.

EIGHTH INNING—Washington: Street walked. Oberlin sacrificed. Stahl muffed. Milan died to Hooper. Schaefer fanned to Speaker. No runs, one left.

Boston: McConnell safe on Elberfeld's pop throw. Lord sacrificed, Unglaub muffed. Speaker bunted and was safe when Unglaub dropped Elberfeld's good throw. Stahl hit by pitched ball, filling the bases. Wagner hit weakly to the box and McConnell was forced at the plate. Oberlin to Street. Niles forced Wagner, McBride to Schaefer. No runs, three left.

NINTH INNING—Washington: Lelivett out to Stahl. Cloutie safe on Lord's wide throw to Stahl. Gessler singled to right putting Elberfeld on second. Unglaub fouled to Lord. McBride fouled to Carrigan. No runs, two left.

THE SCORE.

Washington. AB. R. H. PO. A. E.  
Milan, cf. 3 0 1 1 2 0  
Schaefer, 2b. 3 0 1 2 5 0  
Lelivett, if. 4 0 0 1 0 0  
Unglaub, 1b. 4 0 0 13 1 2  
Gessler, rf. 4 0 0 1 0 0  
Carrigan, c. 3 0 0 0 6 0  
Street, c. 2 0 0 1 3 0  
Oberlin, p. 2 0 0 1 3 0  
Totals. 29 1 3 24 39 2

Boston. AB. R. H. PO. A. E.  
McConnell, 2b. 3 1 0 2 1 0  
Lord, 3b. 2 1 1 1 2 1  
Speaker, cf. 2 1 1 1 2 1  
Stahl, 1b. 2 0 1 12 0 0  
Wagner, ss. 4 0 0 2 2 0  
Niles, rf. 4 0 0 1 0 0  
Hooper, lf. 3 0 0 1 0 0  
Carrigan, c. 3 0 0 5 1 0  
Cloutie, p. 2 0 0 1 0 2  
Totals. 29 2 5 27 9 1

Summary—Earned runs, Boston, 1. First base by error, Boston, 3. Washington, 1. Left on bases—Boston, 7. Washington, 5. First base on balls—Off Cloutie, 3. Oberlin, 1. Struck out—By Cloutie, 5. Three-base hit—Lord. Sacrifices—Lord, 2. Oberlin, 1. Double plays—McBride to Schaefer to Unglaub. Hit by pitcher—By Oberlin, 1. Wild pitches—Oberlin, 1. Cloutie, 1. Umpires—Dineen and Connolly. Time of game—1 hour and 40 minutes.

BOAT RACE THURSDAY.

ANNAPOLIS, Md., April 12.—It was announced this morning that the Navy Department had approved the rowing of the Harvard-Naval Academy race on Thursday, instead of Saturday, the date which it had first fixed for it.

TO-NIGHT  
Cinechew  
THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

NERVO  
Cures  
All  
Head-  
aches  
and Nervousness..... 25c

ALL DRUGGISTS.  
THIS COUPON IS WORTH 15c.

## BASEBALL.

President Herrmann is with President Tom Lynch in keeping the photographers off the ball field during the game. In New York last week the Boston players were interfered with several times by the camera artists crowding around third base and the home plate.

Manager Donovan says: "The Red Sox are one of the finest all-round teams I ever looked at. I am satisfied to take my chances without a single change during the season, as several fine players ready to jump in in case of sickness or injury. It is a pleasure managing such a ball club."

Heavy rains and water-soaked grounds made it impossible to play any of the baseball games scheduled in the East yesterday in either the National or the American Leagues. If weather permits the games will be played off today.

The unfavorable weather disappointed thousands. In New York the National season was to have opened with two games, one at the Battery Grounds, in Manhattan, between the Boston and the New Yorks, and one in Brooklyn with the Philadelphia. The Bostonians were storm-bound all day in their hotel and the Philadelphia did not arrive in New York.

In Boston, where the American League was to have opened with the Bostonians playing the Nationals, the playing field was closed by rain. The Philadelphia were to have opened with the New Yorks, but the game was postponed.

Catcher Ossie Schreckengost, not long ago famous as the battery grounder of the Boston Red Sox, was sold last night to Louisville by the Columbus club, with which he played last season.

Tom Tuckey, the left-handed pitcher of the Boston Nationals, was released by Manager Fred Lake. He will go to the Cincinnati Reds, of the Connecticut League.

President Thomas J. Lynch is not backing water on his order to keep staff photographers off the playing field once a game is started, and is going to carry out this rule.

Lynch has refused to assign National League umpires to any college games or exhibition contests during the playing season, saying that if anything was to happen to these men while picking up some extra money the blame would rest on him. Assigning umpires for college contests is not the pleasant task in the world, as the undergraduate managers always turn in a list of the men they do not want, and bespeak the services of arbitrators it is impossible for them to get.

The Jersey City club is to be strengthened in the near future by the addition of two major leaguers. Jack Knight, of the Highlanders, is slated to play short for the Skeeters, who also have been promised infielder Myers by the Boston Americans.

The baseball management at Columbia University is so well pleased with the work of Dave Faltz as coach of the Blue and White squad this season that efforts will be made to retain him for the next three years. Faltz has had more success with the team in the early season games than any previous coach has had on Morningside Heights in the foundation of a good nine for next season. He is spending a great deal of time in developing pitchers, for in this department the Columbians have been notably weak in the past.

If Pitcher Coveleskie can find that recipe he fed the Giants in 1908, the Cincinnati Reds will be a hard team to beat.

Outside of missing a few trains and getting lost now and then, "Bug" Rayburn, of the Giants, is sitting strictly to business.

Frank Smith, of the White Sox, pitched 36 innings last season, which was sixty more innings than any other American League pitcher.

On account of a fire at his Newark park, in which he lost a new cap, "Iron Man" Joe McGinnity has organized a new brigade among his players.

Cleveland wants Sunday games. The Cincinnati team, in the National League, and the Columbus team, in the American Association, are allowed to play at home on Sunday.

Manager "Big Chief" Stallins is bound to heed the pleadings of Yankee wellwishers and bench Clyde Engle and supplant some nimble youngster in left field. Tom Madden, the upstate lad, is the most likely candidate for Engle's position until Birdie Cree is off the hospital list.

The rise and downfall of a ball player consumes but a few years. Three seasons ago Ray "Socks" Seybold was the star outfielder of the Athletics and was a terror to all American League pitchers. "Socks" is now player-manager of the Jeannette, Pa. independent team. Seybold had a chance to make good in the American Association last year, when he managed the Toledo club, but he fell down, both as a leader and player.

"Rollingback" Zelder, the coast star whose reputation as a great player preceded him to Chicago, has been appointed captain of the White Sox. This is probably the first time that a player just breaking into select company has been made field manager.

Jim Vaughn, who pitched for Louisville last year, looks to be good for a regular place with the Athletics.

We haven't heard much lately as to what Willie Koster intended to do this season. The Brooklyn landowner refuses to wind up his career in the minor league and has turned down a handsome offer from Joe Kelley to play with the Toronto club of the Eastern League. Keeler will work out with the Giants.

Harry Bay, the former Cleveland player, is playing left field for Nashville.

A song-and-dance act by "Cy" Morgan and "Paddy" Livingston is a hit with the Athletics.

It is whispered in St. Louis that George Stone, of the Browns, is to be traded for Charles Schmidt, of Detroit.

"One man can lead a baseball team to a game, but nine can't make the club with it." Managerial murmurings—John James McGraw.

Ralph Glaze, pitcher of the Indianapolis team, has received a telegram from the Athletics Association of Baylor College, Waco, Tex., offering him the position of coach for the college football team this fall.

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## MOTORISTS FAVOR NEW LIGHT BILLS

Measures in Senate and  
House Have Hearty Support of Automobileists.

By HARRY WARD.

If Senator Gallinger and Representative Smith of Michigan, chairman, respectively, of the Senate and House Committees on the District of Columbia, can bring about the passage of their identical bills to provide for lighting of all vehicles in the District, the motorists of this city will rise up and call them blessed.

Under the terms of the bill these statesmen have introduced in Congress, "The Commissioners are authorized and directed to promulgate from time to time, and amend the same, police regulations requiring all automobiles, horseless or motor vehicles, bicycles, or horse-drawn vehicles to carry such lights or lights on the front, sides, or rear thereof, between darkness and daylight, as they may deem expedient, and to provide penalties for the violation of such regulations."

The object of these measures is to compel the owners of vehicles of whatever kind to carry lights, the same as automobiles are now by law compelled to do. There is an insistent demand all over the country for legislation of this kind, and in many places universal light laws have been enacted. The motorists point out that many accidents have occurred in the city during the past winter, and that many lives have been lost.

There is an insistent demand for the enactment of the Gallinger-Smith bills.

S. M. Butler, chairman of the contest board of the American Automobile Association, has received telegraphic advice that the Gallinger-Smith bills have been passed by the House and the Senate.

Butler says that the bills are a great deal, not only for the motorists, but for the public in general. "We will send racers from the East to compete during the winter months on the tracks in the East, and in time we will have the country so covered that there will be no more accidents," he says.

The Los Angeles motor-drome is a world beating track, and it must have opened the eyes of the East automobile enthusiasts," he continued.

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## "My Story of My Life"

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### SYNOPSIS.

Jeffries declares he is an American through and through, of Scandinavian or Norse Viking stock, and relates some of the fighting done by the Jeffries family before his time.

Tells of early experiences at his birthplace, Carroll, Ohio. Champion says his love of hunting was born during his childhood days. Details of his first deer hunt. Learned some fighting at school.

Had narrow escape with negro fellow-workman. Explains the mystery of his climbing adventures in the hills. Says he happened to become a professional boxer and adviser hard work for opponents of the art. Love of boxing made him forsake his trade.

When he was offered and accepted a berth as training partner to Jim Corbett. Tells how he learned to climb the world's trees.

### CHAPTER XXX.

#### Ready for the Fight.

NE funny thing happened at our camp that I nearly forgot. Next door there were several of those imported English fighters training. They were all licked and sent back in time, by the way. Perhaps it was because they were too fond of ale.

I had several cases of good Bass ale shipped down to the cottage when training began and stored it away in the cellar. Every day I went down and got what we wanted for our dinner. After a while it seemed to me that ale was going mighty fast. I began to keep track of it. I looked the staff over and they were all nice and thin except in the matter of growing fatter and fatter in spite of the hard work.

Said I to myself, "That big stiff Dunkhorst is stealing my ale." So I thought I'd teach Dunkhorst a lesson.

That night I went to my room at 9 o'clock, waited until the lights were out and then sneaked down and hid myself near the cellar door. Nothing stirred for a couple of hours, and I was just about to give up when I heard a sound at the cottage across the way, and in a few minutes one of the little Englishmen came creeping across our lawn to our cellar door. He opened the door slowly and sneaked in. A moment later he came out again with his arms full of bottles of Bass. I jumped on him like a cat. But I didn't hurt him—just took the ale away and hid it in the cellar.

The next Englishman I saw around the place, and let him go. There wasn't any more ale at the English quarters. Next day at dinner I gave him Dunkhorst two bottles for himself to ease my conscience. But I didn't tell him.

I did too much work the day before the fight, for I was ready, and it only needed a day's rest. I spent a couple of rounds with Jack and the others. In the afternoon Jack and I asked Johnny if he wouldn't like to take a little walk out along the road.

"Sure," said John. So we started out. It was a beautiful day, the 8th of June, the sun shone in a clear blue sky and everything was green and bright. I remember now how the birds sang in every tree and things were so quiet and peaceful. Johnny walked so quietly that I hardly realized that tomorrow would find me fighting for a world's championship.

Jack and John and I walked out about three miles at a nice slow gait. Then I turned to brother Jack and tipped him a wink.

"Jack," said I, "did I tell Johnny that we were going to walk out along the road?"

"But we didn't say anything about walking back, did we?" I asked, "because I want to be sure and tell the truth."

"Why, no," said Jack. "We didn't say anything about walking back."

"Then, we'll run back," I said, starting off.

I heard a despairing yell from Johnny. Then my brother Jack looked along at my heels and we jogged all the way home at a fairly fast pace. There were no more yells, and Johnny came in, perspiring and covered with dust, a couple of hours later. I forgot to mention that Johnny was a little fat and didn't take kindly to running.

That night Ryan and I walked over to Ashbury Park. We ran across one of the drinking fountains that squirt up a little jet, and you lean over and drink from it without a cup. I was dried out from all my hard work. My weight was lower than in any other fight I ever had, and I felt as if my fibres were so dry that I'd suck up water like a piece of blotting paper.

My throat was parched. The fountain looked good and I leaned over to take a drink. But Tommy jumped at me and pushed me away.

"Don't drink that stuff," he said. "Let alone." I let it alone, but I hope I'll never feel such a thirst again. I had good reason to feel dried out. I

## My Story of My Life

never ran my weight down so low while training for any other fight. When I came East to meet Armstrong I weighed just 245 pounds. Stripped to fighting trunks in the ring, I scaled exactly 204 pounds. I had run myself to a shadow. Two days before the fight I weighed just 206 pounds, stripped, and let everybody around camp see me on scales. The day before the fight I went with a number of reporters to the baggage room at the railroad station. There, on the baggage scales, in jumpers and a light sweater, I weighed an even 210 pounds. I never attempted to make such low weight again, as I know I'm stronger and have more endurance when I carry forty pounds more flesh on my bones.

After we returned the boys sat on the porch telling their best stories and singing songs. They seemed to think it was up to them to keep my nerve in order. But I didn't feel nervous at all. In fact, if anything, I felt glad that the hard work was over at last and the fight was only a few hours away.

I was anxious to see what it would feel like to hear the crowd roar as Fitzsimmons was counted out. Another thing, my people never thought much of the game. I followed was wanted to send a telegram home saying that I was champion of the world. There'd be no more news of me. I was ready to leave it to my people. I was ready to leave it to my people. I was ready to leave it to my people.

So I joined in the story telling, and at 9 o'clock said "Good night," as usual, and went to my room. In two minutes I was asleep. That was a good test of nerve. Two days before the fight I did feel nervous and high strung, but now, with the lamp under the pillow, I was as calm as a cat. Nerves at all in a curious way. Some other good men I know feel nervous until the time comes to fight, then turn as cool as ice. Others, and they're the unlucky ones, are cool the long under the pillow. Then you come to fight, then turn as cool as ice. Others, and they're the unlucky ones, are cool the long under the pillow. Then you come to fight, then turn as cool as ice.

I slept like a log that last night, not even turning over until 6 o'clock in the morning. Then I got up and took a shower. I was as calm as a cat. Nerves at all in a curious way. Some other good men I know feel nervous until the time comes to fight, then turn as cool as ice. Others, and they're the unlucky ones, are cool the long under the pillow. Then you come to fight, then turn as cool as ice.

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